Oh Richard! Yorke is too farre gone with griefe,
Or else he neuer would compare betweene.

King. Why Vncle, whats the matter?

Yorke. Oh my liege, pardon me if you please,
If not, I pleasd, not to be pardoned, am content with all:
Seeke you to seize and gripe into your hands,
The roialties and rights of banisht Herford?
Is not Gaunt dead? and doth not Herford liue?
Was not Gaunt iust? and is not Harry true?
Did not the one deserue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well deseruing sonne?
Take Herfordes rights away, and take from time
His Charters and his customarie rights;
Let not to morrow then ensue to day:
Be not thy selfe; For how art thou a King,
But by faire sequence, and succession?
Now afore God, God forbid I say true,
If you doe wrongfully seize Herfords right,
Call in the Letters patents that he hath
By his attournies generall to sue
His liuery, and deny his offred homage,
You plucke a thousand dangers on your head,
You lose a thousand well disposed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to those thoughts,
Which honour and allegeance cannot thinke.

King. Thinke what you will, we seize into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money and his land.

York. Ile not be by the while, my liege farewell,
What will insue hereof, there's none can tell:
But by bad courses may be vnderstood,
That their euents can neuer fall out good. *Exit.*

King. Go Bushie, to the Earle of Wiltshire straight,
Bid him repayre to vs to Ely house,
To see this businesse: to morrow next
We will for Ireland, and 't is time I trow;
And we create in absence of our selfe,
Our Vncle Yorke, Lord Gouernour of England;
For he is iust, and alwayes loued vs well:
Come

Come on our Queene, to morrow must we part,
Be merry, for our time of stay is short.

Exeunt King and Queene. Manet North.

North. Well Lordes, the Duke of Lancaster is dead.

Rosse. And liuing too, for now his sonne is Duke.

Willough. Barely in title, not in reuenewes.

North. Richly in both, if iustice had her right.

Rosse. My heart is great, but it must breake with silence,
Er't be disburdened with a liberall tongue.

Nort. Nay speake thy mind, & let him nere speak more,
That speakes thy words againe, to do thee harme.

Willough. Tend's that thou wouldst speake, to the D. of (Herford?
If it be so, out with it boldly man,
Quicke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.

Rosse. No good at all, that I can doe for him:
Vnlesse you call it good, to pitty him,
Bereft and gelded of his Patrimonie.

Nort. Now afore God 't is shame, such wrongs are borne
In him a royall Prince, and many mo
Of noble blood in this declining land:
The King is not himselfe, but bacely led
By flatterers, and what they will informe,
Meerely in hate against any of vs all,
That will the King seuerely prosecute,
Against vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.

Rosse. The Commons hath he pild with grieuous taxes,
And quite lost their hearts. The Nobles hath he fin'd
For auncient quarrels, and quite lost their hearts.

Willough. And daily new exactions are deuisde,
As Blankes, Benevolences, and I wot not what.

North. But what a Gods name doth become of this?

Willo. Warres hath not wasted it, for warr'd he hath not,
But bacely yeelded vpon compromise,
That which his noble Auncestors atchiude with blowes:
More hath he spent in peace, then they in Warres.

Rosse. The Earle of Wiltshire hath the Realme in farme.

Willo. The King's growne bankrout like a broken man.

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